Newest of the Summer Shows Arrive

Border Dramas Popular Ever Since Country Had Its Theatre

'The Broken Wing,' With Scenes in Mexico, New Proof of the Degree to Which Fashions in the Playhouse Become Standardized.

By LAWRENCE REAMER.

ONE of the plays that last week closed a long run on the local stage was new proof of the degree to which fashions in the playhouse become standardized. "The Broken Wing" had its scenes laid on the Mexican border, which has been for the past few years more interesting, perhaps, than this region usually is. The present political atmosphere undeniably added its color to the piece. But it remains in all essentials one of the border dramas which have been a popular type ever since this country had its own theatre.

Of course, the border was not always so remote as Mexico. It used to be in Kentucky. In earlier plays Pennsylvania had marked the outpost of civilized life for the purposes of the playwright. But there was always a frontier drama. It was a variety of theatrical fare which the native public seemed to demand. In recent years it has gone north as well as south. MM. Dickey and Charles Goddard, as well as Porter Emerson Browne, in the equally successful "The Bad Man," pushed in their characters of exploring playwrights to the south. Lincoln McCormick, on the other hand, sought out the frozen Canada wilderness for his border play, "The Storm," while David Belasco and Willard Mack in "Tiger Rose" also kept to British Columbia. These are just as much border plays as they would have been in the days of Frank Mayo and "Davy Crockett." Bravely he put his arm through the bolt of the door to hold at bay the snarling wolves, and confidently he delivered his *mot*, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead," to generations of happy American audiences. But if he fought wolves most of the border heroes fought Indians. They were the historic villains of the earlier frontier plays. They were not altogether absent, moreover, from Frank Murdoch's drama.

Oliver Doud Byron in "Across the Continent," with his accompanying cohorts of Chinese, negroes and Indians; Buffalo Bill, with his native aids; "The Danites," with its gold mining atmosphere, and the numerous Argonaut plays so often founded, avowedly or otherwise, on the books of Bret Harte served to bring all the desired frontier life to our stage until civilization kept crawling further and further into our far flung territories, to leave eventually only the northern tracts of Canada and the extreme southern border as the scene for our playwrights when they set out to work in this beloved field.

If there has never been a time in which the stage was without some popular border play, it is nevertheless almost impossible to realize that the Indian drama was ever as important as it once was. The Indian as a hero of tragedy, as in "Metamora," for instance, is all but inconceivable. The crude, melodramatic pieces already referred to appealed, of course, to no cultivated intelligence, although they were widely popular. Yet Augustin Daly actually gave at his theatre "Horizon," a play of his own authorship, which was seriously considered, in spite of the name of the heroine, *The White Flower of the Plains*. Indian heroines were, however, unknown after the late '70s. Even the vogue of the Wild West play had passed by the '80s or retired to the humble temples of the cheap theatres. Indians had ceased to be more than incidental figures in our dramas. The hunter of the West, in his coonskin cap, his buckskin suit, with the fringed tunic and the moccasins, had long been a figure of the past, popular as he was at one time. He reached the height of his favor, possibly, in "Davy Crockett."

No other new play had made the negro more than an incidental figure until he was the hero of "Emperor Jones." A less engaging personality than Charles Gilpin might have interfered with the long popularity of this play. Mr. Gilpin possessed one of the assets which is curiously enough rarest among the negro actors of the day. He had the real negro intonation. Then his voice rang with the unmistakable negro quality. How few of the native negroes on the stage are able to bring to their impersonations this strong attraction. The voice of the negro is one of the most powerful means of humor that he possesses. Equally potent may it be made as a poignant dramatic asset. It was the voice of Mr. Gilpin sounding out of the Caribbean jungle that gave the contrast of reality to his improbable surroundings.

It may be that the rarity of the negro voice, with its richness, its golden bronze tone, belongs only to the negro of Southern birth. At all events, few of those that come to the stage nowadays are able to reveal its merits in their best estate. Bert Williams, apart from his broadly open tone, never suggested the comic negro voice. But he is said to be a native of California. As his artistic method grew more perfect, not only his spontaneity but every other negro quality disappeared. Few of the negroes who have recently acted here have possessed this gift. Is it possible that nowadays so few of them come from the South?

BRONNER IN ODD STUDIO AN ARTIST IN RAGS AND PATCHES

Originator of Spectacular Ballets and Pageants Works Out Wondrous Costumes From Bits and Ends of Nothing Much.

If lonely passengers, hearkening to the sound of their own footsteps on Court Square, Brooklyn, in the late night hours see a luminous window on the sixth floor of the building at No. 4 they know that it is neither a burglar rifling a safe, not some hollow eyed clerk frantically tunnelling into a maze of figures looking for a difference. They know (if they are acquainted in the neighborhood) that it is merely Cleveland Bronner, with a sudden inspiration patiently working out a new costume.

Bronner, originator of spectacular ballets and pageants—notably, the "Dream Fantasies" ballet in "The Passing Show of 1921" at the new Woods Theatre in Chicago, and originator of the basic ideas in the pageant in the Chinatown scene of "The Whirl of New York" at the Winter Garden—is the owner of what is very likely the most curious studio in the Greater City. It is large, but divided into rooms like a dwelling, and stocked with all the variegated lumber of every calling under the sun. Your first impression of it would be that it is a theatrical costume shop, only larger and more complete; your second, that it is a museum of the quaint and the medieval, except that it is smaller; and your third (and only true impression), that it is neither, but something the like of which you have never seen before.

The first of the three storerooms might be, from its appearance, the discard into which go all the trappings and coronets of all the uncrowned heads of Europe. Gorgeous robes hang about the four walls and sway in the breeze when there is one; regal headgear of every description depends from pegs between the robes; jackets of multi-colored feathers, reminiscent of the Aztec civilization of Montezuma, are ranged upon shelves; and ropes of glass beads, glinting in the dim sunlight from the window, tinkle discordantly.

"This room," says Mr. Bronner as he shows you about, "is where I work. I made this gigantic table myself, and over in that closet are my drawing materials, my dyes, my utensils for mixing them—everything I could possibly want, down to a hairpin. Under this table"—and he disclosed drawer on drawer of boxes—"are all the kinds of beads that were ever manufactured—grosses of them. They represent the purchases and the collections of years."

The second room contains such a litter of odds and ends as to defy description, and yet everything is in its place, properly labelled and ready to be used at a moment's notice. It is the third room, however, that is the most curious of the lot. Here, in great bags, in boxes, in chests, in anything and everything you can think of, are collections of rags. It is conceivable that this room might be the den of a rag picker, except that it is too orderly and too well kept, and the rags too clean.

"In this room," said Mr. Bronner, with a comprehensive wave of his arm, "are the secrets of all my creations on the stage. There is every sort of rag here—of every color—that was ever woven. I have been collecting and using them for years. Nothing in the way of cloth is ever thrown away in this establishment. No matter how old a thing may be, or how disreputable, after it has been washed and cleaned, here it comes at last. And what's the result? When I get an idea for a new costume I do not have to rummage through all the stores in New York looking for what I want, nor do I have to pay out good money for it. It's all right here, just as I knew it would be.

"I suppose you are wondering what I can do with rags, and what relation they bear to the creation of costumes. With me they are everything. A background of dull cloth, then some brightly colored rags scattered over it, and over them a thin net—and what do you see? A gown or a robe so gorgeous that when it is seen from the audience you'd take your oath it cost thousands. Yet it costs almost nothing.

"That's the secret of my designing. There's not a thing in any of these rooms that will appear on the stage as you see it now. Of course, you can see nothing unusual in any of them at present. But combined with a bit of this, and a bit of that—and not very much of anything—and I have a costume that at once startles and defies imitation. I am the king of rags and patches, you might say, but I do very well by my subjects."

CHARLES KING and Miss ANN PENNINGTON in "GEORGE WHITES SCANDALS"... Liberty Theatre

Fairbanks Making Pictures New Style

In making "The Three Musketeers" Douglas Fairbanks is filming the story in the order in which it will be shown on the screen. This has seldom if ever been done before, as it means using up a great deal more time, to say nothing of money, than the ordinary way of making pictures. Ordinarily the method is to take all the scenes of one set at the same time, though one scene may be shown in the first reel and another in the last. It always has been argued by critics and others that this method sacrificed much of the dramatic suspense of a story, but producers say that they cannot afford to spend money in this way.

Money did not worry Fairbanks, it seems. Many hours were spent by him with Edward Knoblock, who is writing the script of the story, and generally supervising the production, and Fred Niblo, the director, discussing the advisability of this method, and at last they decided that this picture was going to be big and great enough to do everything in their power to heighten its dramatic effects.

George White's "Scandals" and the "All Star Idlers of 1921"

MONDAY.

GEORGE WHITE will bring the third edition of his "Scandals" to the Liberty Theatre to-morrow. The book is by Arthur (Bugs) Baer, the lyrics by Arthur Jackson, the music by George Gershwin and the "artistic effects" by Herbert Ward. There are twenty scenes, which extend from Bolshevist Russia to New York and include Panama, the South Sea Islands, ancient Persia and Longacre Square. Miss Ann Pennington again leads the cast, while Mr. White will dance more frequently than he did last year. There will be a carefully selected "beauty chorus," and among others there will be seen Aunt Jemima, Misses Olive Vaughn, Victoria Herbert, Jean Ford, Myra Cullen and Christine Welford, Charles King, George Le Maire, Lou Holtz, Lester Allen, George Bickel and Harry Rose.

THURSDAY.

At the Shubert Theatre next Thursday evening thirty members of the Lambs, Friars, Players and Greenroom clubs will stage at midnight the "All Star Idlers of 1921," a two act revue by Will Morrissey. The dances are being staged by Leon Errol and the ensembles by R. H. Burnside. Victor Baravalle will be in charge of the orchestra. This will start a series of performances at nearby summer resorts.

News and Gossip of the Stage, Its Actors, Managers, Plays

Comparatively Infrequent Appearances of Julian Eltinge in New York Explained by Change of Fashions in the Female Impersonator.

THE comparatively infrequent appearance of Julian Eltinge in New York and the other large cities is due, if one may believe an authority on the subject, to the change of fashions in the female impersonator. This style of comedian must, according to a vaudeville expert, keep step with the times in a surprisingly accurate fashion.

"The type of woman that Eltinge used to represent in his sketches," this booking agent said, "is no longer popular. The large, slowly moving stage beauty is as little in demand now in musical comedy as she is in vaudeville. Quite the opposite type is sought by the stage directors. The little, animated, fiery person with jazz in every gesture and expression is the kind of feminine aid that is now sought out. Nobody looks at the big girls any more. The most successful impersonators of the day therefore are the wise boys that copy and are able to copy—for it requires special physical qualifications—the girls that the public is now interested in. This sort of comedy was out of the question for Eltinge, so when he was taken ill in the West theatregoers were suddenly reminded that it had been some time since he had been in any of the large Eastern cities."

Does Nature Follow Art?

Speaking of styles in physical types, there is also evidence that stage art, like every other, follows nature in some of its important manifestations. Take the case of the recent announcements concerning the Lord Byron play. One was written, according to a friend of the author, some six years ago. But at least three are of more recent origin.

How many would never have been heard of if John Barrymore had not played *Peter Ibbetson*?

"To my positive knowledge," said a manager yesterday to the reporter of THE NEW YORK HERALD, "Three dramas with Lord Byron as the hero were written for John Barrymore while he was acting in Du Maurier's play. His astonishingly becoming and effective makeup in his early Victorian dress suggested to the authors of at least three plays that were sent to him for production that he was an ideal representative of the part of the English poet.

"Personally, I don't believe that a single one of them would ever have been written had not Barrymore made such a striking figure in this play. My reason is that all the three I heard of were written by women. They saw the actor, were much impressed by his looks and immediately visualized him as Lord Byron. The result was the crop of plays on that subject. There were others of course already in existence. There are always plays in existence with every historical character as a hero. Perhaps these were not caused by Mr. Barrymore's costume. But I happen to know that three of them were."

Farrar in a Gray Wig.

It did not seem possible that it could be Geraldine Farrar. Was she not to spend the summer in Holland and make the acquaintance of her husband Lou Tellegen's family? Did she not intend to sail so soon as her concert tour was at an end in order that he might be back to prepare for the production of Bataille's "Don Juan" at the Garrick Theatre in August? But it certainly seemed like Miss Farrar with the irresistible smile and the flashing teeth. But how about the gray locks? This lovely presentment of the popular soprano undeniably had gray hair.

Yet as she smiled from the motor it was plainly Miss Farrar, gray hair or not. The locks were explained by the fact that gray wigs are just now the mode in Paris. Miss Farrar would be anything in the world but not unfashionable. So she is wearing a gray wig on occasions, even at the danger of seeming older than she is. But to be the last word of fashion the soprano would take even that risk. She had to give up her trip to Europe on account of the poor health of her mother.

Mahomet to the Mountain.

David Belasco is sending out two companies next season and will make but one production for the road which will ultimately be seen in New York. Last year Mr. Belasco sent out eight companies. A. H. Woods some time ago announced that he would make eight productions this year as compared with the twenty-eight companies he had last season. Mr. Woods has recently limited that number to six. With the exception of "The O'Brien Girl" all the Cohan companies which were sure of a certain degree of success on the road have of course been withdrawn.

This has naturally suggested the question "Where will the cities outside New York get their amusements next year?" Main street will of course have to be satisfied with moving pictures. But how about the larger cities with a population of two or three hundred thousand? What will they do for their theatrical supply during the coming season?

Slowly echo is answering into the ears of the producing manager the one possible conclusion. They will have to come to New York for their theatregoing. So in addition to the 250,000 persons from outside New York who have been supporting the city theatres for the past five years or more there will be a great many more unless the residents of the large towns are willing to forego the theatres for a year. And this will inevitably work to the advantage of the New York managers.

The Poor Working Girl.

The leading actress in a successful musical show is now receiving a weekly salary of $1,750. There is no question as to her earning it. The production is bringing its managers a profit of $10,000 a week, so there has been no expression of dissatisfaction at the amount paid to her. But it is large for a young woman whose New York experience covers barely six years.

Another actress from a musical play which has just closed its run intends after a while to prepare for the operatic stage. But she will sing a few years more in operetta. "For by that time," she naively explained the other day, "if my salary continues what it is now at the least I will have an income of $5,000 a year from my investments. Then I will be able to take my time in studying." Such is the rate of compensation for the youthful favorites nowadays, especially in the musical plays.

But it must be borne in mind that, large as is this compensation, there are few young women who are able to command it. The reverse side of this picture would show the office of the theatrical agents crowded with aspirants who think they are just as pretty, just as graceful and just as talented as their so much more fortunate sisters. But it is a long, long road until they get into the class just mentioned here.

Source of Theatrical Aspirant.

It used to be a tradition years ago that Louisville, Ky., supplied annually more aspirants to the honors of the stage than any other single city in the Union. This used to be attributed to the immediate success of Mary Anderson, who stepped from obscurity to the head of her profession. Naturally the example of their distinguished citizen inspired her ambitious sisters, and there was for years a constant stream of young women landing in New York to carry on the same successful career that Miss Anderson had enjoyed. Since none of them ever shared her glory, the procession of genius after a while automatically came to an end.

Now it is Atlanta, Ga., which has the reputation of sending out more aspirants to the stage than any other town. This steady advance of young women to the North is attributed to the annual visits of the Metropolitan Opera Company to this Southern town. The artists are entertained, the young women come to know them and are inevitably bowled over by this brief acquaintance with a celebrity. When the company ends its engagement there is always a certain number of girls determined that an artistic career shall be theirs. Since the operatic career is beset with such difficulties, they usually turn to the stage as a prompter means of satisfying their ambitions.

Jacques Urlus, who used to be one of the tenors of the Wagner repertoire at the Metropolitan Opera House, has recently been singing *Tristan* with the Dutch company from the Theatre Royal in The Hague which gave "Tristan und Isolde" at the Theatre Champs Elysees in Paris.

Diaghileff's Russian Ballet, which has recently given a season in London, has brought a company of dancers from Spain that has proved the most popular part of the company.

Olive Fremstad, who has not sung in public for the last two seasons, will return to the concert stage next winter.

Foy Family to Be Seen at the Palace

Gus Edwards Song Revue at the Riverside Another Vaudeville Feature.

Eddie and the rest of the Foys will lead the programme this week in "The Foy Fun Revue" at the Palace Theatre. Harry Carroll and Carlton Hoagland will present "They're Off," a musical comedy in three scenes. Santry and his Syncopated Band will also be on the programme, along with Clayton and Edwards, Franklyn and Charles, De Haven and Nice and Mart Haynes, as well as a half dozen other popular entertainers.

THE RIVERSIDE — Gus Edwards with his song revue, Miller and Mack, Kajima and others will make up an attractive programme.

KEITH'S EIGHTY-FIRST STREET THEATRE—Elaine in her picture, "The Girl From Nowhere"; Frank Van Hoven, Yvette and a long list of vaudeville acts will be seen here this week.

PROCTOR'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—Bayon Whipple and Walter Huston in "Time," the Royal Gascoynes, De Lier and Termini, John W. Ransone and the Wilton Sisters are some of the acts.

BROADWAY THEATRE — Frank Farron, Max Teuber's "Shadowland," Harper and Blanks, in addition to Miss Hope Hampton, will make up a long programme.

New Revue Opens At the Shelburne

Chief of the events of last week at the Hotel Shelburne, Brighton Beach, was the opening of the revue "The Shelburne Girl of 1921," presented by Joseph Mann and produced by Henry Fink.

Mr. William N. Loew celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday by giving a dinner. Mrs. Elmore Ross McIntosh gave a luncheon on Friday. The guests were Mrs. Duane Clement, Mrs. Daniel McLain Somers, Mrs. George Reichman, Dr. and Mrs. Frank K. Perkins and Mrs. Addie Fessenden.

Mr. and Mrs. George Callow, who were married last Sunday at the Church of Nativity in Brooklyn, are passing their honeymoon at the Shelburne. She was Miss Margaret Caulfield.

Arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. George W. Grove of Pittsburgh, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Golden, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Halperin, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Nevin, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis H. Berwick, Mrs. Loren Gray, Misses Lillian Gray, Florentina Gray, Amy White, Hattie White and Mae Bogen, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Frank McEwan, Newark, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Slocum, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. George C. Callow, Brooklyn.

Poslam it's first touch stops itching

A hundred dollars couldn't buy the perfect relief that the first touch of Poslam brings to itching, inflamed, eczema-tortured skins. Yet a box of skin-healing Poslam costs but 50c.

Poslam is so concentrated that a little goes a long way. But its medication is so gentle that it cannot irritate the most delicate or inflamed skin. Eczema, rashes, scalp troubles, pimples—they can rarely resist Poslam. Write to Poslam, Dept. N-8, 208 W. 47th St., New York, for free sample. (c)

50¢ at Druggists

Abercrombie & Fitch

The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World

Madison Avenue and 45th Street New York

High Tide

Vacation weeks are tumbling over one another on the calendar.

The tide of Summer Sport is at its flood—from Old Point to Buzzard's Bay.

Bass fishermen are ransacking their tackle boxes—mountain trail motor tourists are overhauling their tents.

It is vacation "pick-up" time at the Abercrombie & Fitch store.

One wants a racquet restrung—another, crash golf trousers or a pair of camp shoes—a third, a box of flies, a bathing suit, or an entire vacation outfit assembled in an hour.

All are accommodated.

Where the Bass Are Biting Best

And now the fighting bass breaks water, from Maine to Lake Superior—the talked about, coveted prize of fishermen.

In the barrage of bait being put down to capture him, there are favorites for each locality.

The Abercrombie & Fitch fishing department is as well informed on bass as it has been on trout and tarpon—on localities where he is biting—on bait, lines, rods, reels and clothing equipment.

Consultant experts and versatile commissaries—the greatest tackle department on earth.

Vacations on the Bogey Meadows

On tens of thousands o American golfing acres the name of Abercrombie & Fitch is pre-eminent.

For hand-made clubs, bags and balls; golf clothes and shoes, for men and women, which are recognized for their sportsmanlike appearance and comfort.

Clock and miniature golf—all country house games.

The same leadership is maintained in riding outfits, motor, tennis, camp and travel clothes—as in guns, revolvers, games and all camp accoutrement.

Write for New Camping Catalogue and Circulars on Fishing Tackle and Women's Outing Clothes.

Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

EZRA H. FITCH, President

Madison Avenue and 45th Street New York

"Where the Beaten Trail Crosses the Boulevard"